

Continued from Fifth Page.

general matter, but in a more sanguinary conflict. At last, however, Mrs. Brown was admitted. She was kindly received by Colonel and Mrs. Avis, the latter and her lady. Mrs. Avis, by order of the powers that be, conducted Mrs. Brown into a private apartment, where her clothing was searched for concealed weapons, or other means which the morbid suspicion of the Virginia army of occupation suggested Mrs. Brown might surreptitiously convey to her husband.

In the meantime, Capt. Brown had been informed that his wife had arrived. The announcement was made by Gen. Taliaferro, when the following dialogue took place:

Capt. Brown—How long do you desire this interview to last?

Not long—three or four hours will do, said Capt. Brown.

I am very sorry, Capt. Brown, said the Virginia General, that I shall not be able to oblige you. Mrs. Brown must return to-night to Harper's Ferry.

General, execute your orders. I have no favor to ask of the State of Virginia, was the brave old man's reply.

The fact was related to an acquaintance of mine by a Virginia gentleman, as an illustration of Capt. Brown's courage and bravery. He did not see in the scathing rebuke to the pusillanimity of a great State, which, with a cordon of two thousand and five hundred men, would not protect the last interview between a brave man and his sorrowing wife. As he did not see this phase of it, my friend did not think it would be best to call attention to it.

THE INTERVIEW.

Itated between two and three hours. Capt. Avis, who was the only witness (Stephens having been removed) informs me that it was of the most affecting nature, and throughout Capt. Brown exhibited the same steadfast courage and power of will over feeling that has characterized his career in its many terrible episodes. And Mrs. Brown bore herself with fortitude—remarkable under the circumstances. Frequently she would soothe the emotions that swelled up in her breast, but occasionally would be compelled to yield to those tender impulses of woman's nature, and for a moment she would be almost convulsed with sobs. On each instance, Capt. Brown would reassure her with a gentle "Cheer up," "Cheer up, Mary," and in a few moments the billows of sorrow in the noble woman's heart were lulled. Mrs. Brown stated to a gentleman here that she had never seen her husband more composed or calm. Capt. Brown said to her that since his recovery he had not lost a night's sleep, nor had he once failed to partake of his daily meals.

As may be inferred from the orders of the magnificent Gen. Taliaferro, the interview was of necessity a hurried one. It referred mainly to family affairs, the education of their children, and other matters of a practical nature. The detail of the interior is not known by any one but Mrs. Brown herself. Col. Avis heard but little, though present, and he did not desire to place himself in the attitude of a listener. A few facts of the conversation, however, have transpired, and there I will relate.

One subject was the disposition of the bodies of their two sons. Capt. Brown expressed a preference that as their remains were undoubtedly in a state of putrefaction, which would render their being conveyed to the North impracticable, both theirs and his remains should be buried together, their ashes gathered together and conveyed to their final resting place. Mrs. Brown, of course, could not entertain such a proposition, and Capt. Brown said nothing further about it, other than that he was willing she should receive his remains and convey them back for deposit among his kindred.

Mrs. Brown observed a chain about the ankles of her husband. To avoid its galling his limbs, he had put on two pairs of woolen socks. Mrs. Brown said she was desirous of procuring the chain as a family relic. She had already at her home the one with which the limbs of John Brown, Jr., were inhumanly shackled in Kansas, and in which he was galled on by the border devils until he was mad, and the chain had been worn through his flesh to the bone; and this, too, she desired.

Capt. Brown said he had himself asked that it be given to his family, and had been refused. As he had not learned what they were.

As he handed the papers to her in the cell he said: "I have something else to add to my statement; perhaps I will have time to do so to-morrow." And, turning to Capt. Avis, he said: "What is the hour to-morrow?" "Eleven o'clock," was the answer in a solemn tone.

On looking over the papers received to-day with the body, Mrs. Brown found an addendum in his handwriting beginning, "I have time to add," &c., indicating that it must have been written just before he left the jail for the scaffold. The document referred to the affairs of his family.

He requested his wife to make a denial of the statement that had gained publicity, that he had said in his interview with Gov. Wise that he had been actuated by feelings of revenge. He denied that he had ever made such a statement, and wished his denial made known; and he denied further that such base motives had ever been his incentive action.

While Mrs. Brown was still present, her husband partook of his last supper, which she shared with him. It was of the plain jail fare, prepared so as to be eaten with his fingers; knife and fork were denied him in the fear that he might use them for self-destruction.

Their last sorrowful meal being concluded, and the time approaching at which they must part, Mrs. Brown asked to be permitted to speak to the other prisoners. But Gen. Taliaferro's orders forbade this, though Capt. Avis expressed a willingness to permit her to see them, even at the risk of violating orders. She declined to see them, under the circumstances. The prisoners were much gratified to learn this fact, and I was informed by Capt. Avis that Capt. Brown wrote a beautiful and feeling letter to Mrs. Brown during the morning. It was remarkable for its allusions to Capt. Brown and the fullness of sympathy expressed for her and the members of her family, without mentioning his own situation at all.

Mrs. Brown took her departure, and reached this place shortly after 9 o'clock, much exhausted by the interview.

THE EXECUTION.

passed off with but little excitement. Most of the people of Jefferson County remained at their homes to protect their property in case of an uprising. The few persons present were mostly from abroad.

The representatives of the Press were not afforded the facilities which are common in the Northern States. Indeed, none were admitted within a hundred and fifty feet of the scaffold, except a few favored persons who were smuggled in as members of the surgeon's staff, and as the correspondent of THE TRIBUNE has some pretensions to medical knowledge, he could not well be excluded.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. He was the lightest hearted, among friend or foe, in the whole of Charleston that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his many courage.

Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotism bears petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twin waves of the despair rose, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his note interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over,

and, with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring, and some day when, over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginia Liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

But to return to my narrative. The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Soder, the undertaker. In the box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, inclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his place in the seat with Capt. Avis, the jailer—whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Soder, too, was one of Brown's staunchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

"What a beautiful country you have," said Capt. Brown to Capt. Avis.

"Yes," was the response.

"It seems the more beautiful to behold because I have so long been shut from it."

"You are more cheerful than I am, Capt. Brown," said Mr. Soder.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be." He continued, "I see no citizens here—where are they?"

"The citizens are not allowed to be present—none but the soldiers," was the reply.

"That ought not to be," said the old man, "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others."

The scaffold is approached. He alights from the wagon and ascends to the platform, which last sustains old John Brown alive. There is no faltering in his step, but firmly and erect he stands amid the almost breathless lines of soldiery that surround him. With a graceful motion of his pinioned right arm, he takes the slouched hat from his head and carelessly casts it upon the platform by his side. The cap is drawn over his eyes, and the rope adjusted about his neck. John Brown is ready to meet his God.

But what next? The military have yet to go through some senseless evolutions, and near ten minutes elapse before Gen. Taliaferro's chivalrous hosts are in their proper position, during which time John Brown stands with the cap drawn over his head, and the hangman's knot under his ear.

Each moment seems an hour, and some of the people, unable to restrain an expression of their sense of the outrage, murmur "Shame!" "Shame!"

At last Virginia troops are arranged *a la mode*.

"Capt. Brown, you are not standing on the drop—will you come forward?" said the Sheriff.

"I can't see, gentlemen," was the reply; "you must lead me."

The Sheriff led his prisoner forward to the center of the drop.

"Shall I give you a handkerchief, and let you drop it as a signal?" inquired the Sheriff.

"No; I am ready at any time; but don't keep me waiting needlessly," was the reply.

A moment after, the Sheriff springs the latch—the drop falls—and the body of John Brown is suspended between heaven and earth. A few convulsive twitches of the arms are observed. These cease after a moment.

John Brown is dead.

The majesty of Virginia law and the exactions of Virginia vengeance are now satisfied—but time alone will tell whether Virginia peace will be conserved by it.

The suppers say he died easily—that the neck was not dislocated, but the spinal column was ruptured, and that his death was probably instantaneous. What is unusual in executions (so I am informed, for this was the first I ever witnessed,) his legs were not drawn up by convulsive twitches.

The body remained suspended about 38 minutes, and was then taken down and placed in the coffin.

THE FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

The sensation throughout this community is one of the most deep and significant nature. It has awakened in the minds of men where there had been nothing but immobility, and I have heard Southern men hinting strongly whether the institution of Slavery pay—by twenty men can create so wide spread a panic—paralyze the industry—excite the fears of the women and children of the entire State—make martial law a matter of necessity for weeks over an entire county, and saddle a tax of near half a million upon the State. These are practical phases of this question. Add to these the fact that barns, and grain, and haystacks are being burned at short intervals, and the mental anarchy has a significance, and from many years' residence in the Southern States, I am confident that the day of emancipation has been hastened. No doubt exists among the people here that the slaves are the incendiaries in these cases, and they admit that it is only pretense that there exists no dissimulation among the blacks.

Of course, the act of Capt. Brown is condemned, and most emphatically condemned, but much more is said in commendation of his bravery and courage than condemnation of his act. An officer of the U. S. Navy at Charleston remarked in my hearing that he would give a vast deal to be as brave a man.

LETTERS FROM JOHN BROWN.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND—HIS VIEWS AND FEELINGS IN REGARD TO IT.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., N. Y., Nov. 27, 1859.

THADDEUS HYATT, Esq.—My Dear Sir: Your very acceptable letter of the 24th inst. has just been handed to me. I am certainly most obliged to you for it, and for all your efforts in behalf of my family and myself. I can form no idea of the objections to your mode of operating in their behalf, to which my friend, Dr. —, refers; and I suppose it is now too late for any explanations from him that would enlighten me. I have, at any rate, taken the trouble to read his letter, and I feel sure that I shall find in it some things that will be of great service to me. I am, however, very much gratified to learn this fact, and I was informed by Capt. Avis that Capt. Brown wrote a beautiful and feeling letter to Mrs. Brown during the morning. It was remarkable for its allusions to Capt. Brown and the fullness of sympathy expressed for her and the members of her family, without mentioning his own situation at all.

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THE MARTYR'S DEATH AND THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather last evening, a large and attentive congregation assembled in the Church of the Puritans, to hear a discourse from Dr. Cheever on the above subject. The reverend gentleman took for his text Matthew x. 37, 38. The tribute which he paid to the character of John Brown was lofty and eloquent. He described the lineage of the martyr, from Peter Brown, one of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. He showed that God had impregnated his holy spirit against the reigning iniquity of the land in John Brown, and had sent him to throw it in the face of the very perpetrators themselves. He pointed out various reasons for applying the word Martyr to the memory of John Brown, and said that success had never made a martyr. John Brown's trial was that of a martyr; his deportment was that of a martyr; and like a martyr, he was a man of prayer; and it was a great consolation that God had chosen a Christian man to present such a protest. It is impossible, however, to do justice to the discourse by a mere allusion. We understand that the discourse is to be published in pamphlet form—the profits accruing from the sale of which are to go to the family of John Brown.

By Telegraph.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTOWN.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Dec. 4, 1859.

Six companies of the Richmond and Wheeling military have been ordered home, and about one-fourth of the members of the other companies have obtained furloughs for ten days, to return before the 16th, to attend the other executions. A military force will thus be kept up, and martial law be enforced throughout the country. The excitement has greatly abated, though there is a great feeling of insecurity in the rural districts. The weather is cold and wet, and the military are suffering greatly on picket-guard and in their uncomfortable quarters.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1859.

The body of John Brown left here at 2 o'clock this afternoon for New-York. Very few persons witnessed its arrival or departure.

BALTIMORE, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1859.

Capt. Brown's body passed through here this morning, and was taken on by the early train for Philadelphia.

SYMPATHY MEETING AT ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Saturday, Dec. 3, 1859.

A large meeting was held at Corbin Hall last evening, to signalize the execution of John Brown. Abram Pryne and Parker Pillsbury delivered addresses, which were listened to with profound interest.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Friday, Dec. 3, 1859.

A meeting was held here to-night in commemoration of the execution of John Brown. Over 5,000 people were present. Able addresses were made by D. R. Tilden, R. P. Spaulding, C. H. Langston, A. G. Riddle, and the Rev. Messrs. J. C. White, W. H. Brewster Crooks, and J. H. W. Tooley. Strong resolutions were adopted, and the addresses were able. The hall was dressed in mourning.

MONTREAL, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1859.

A meeting took place at Bonaventure Hall in this city yesterday forenoon to offer up prayers in behalf of John Brown. The meeting was numerously attended, mostly by colored people. A sermon was then preached by the Rev. A. T. Wood, a colored clergyman, after which a collection was taken up for the benefit of Brown's family.

Another meeting was also held at the same place last night, at which speeches were made by Dr. Howe of Boston and others. A resolution was passed expressing sympathy for the family of John Brown.

TAMMANY AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

The Tammany Hall faction of the Democracy held its Cooper Institute meeting on Saturday evening. It will be remembered that at the Wood meeting the large hall was crowded by 7 o'clock—a spontaneous tribute of blackguards and rascals in appreciation of their natural leader. At the same hour on Thursday evening, the Republicans had crowded the same hall to testify their desire for an honest government, and to express their contempt for the Tammany faction. The Tammany Hall faction, however, was not so successful. At 7 o'clock the hall was a beggarly account of empty benches. At 7 1/2 the hall was a third full; at 8 1/2 the hour for which the meeting was called, it was half full. At this time a Ward procession entered the hall, and the Tammany faction, the first burst of enthusiasm was exhibited in a zealous young gentleman, with a face eminently suggestive of a want of soap and towel, crying out, "Three cheers for Jim Irving!" and the call was responded to with a vehemence that made the hall resound. Three more for the same gentleman were called, and the call honored.

At twenty-five minutes to eight the platform was filled. Among the distinguished citizens who sympathized with the meeting, and many of whom were present, were the following: Hon. Jacob A. Westervelt, Frank M. Davis, Cyrus W. Field, and others. The Tammany Hall faction, however, was not so successful. At 7 o'clock the hall was a beggarly account of empty benches. At 7 1/2 the hall was a third full; at 8 1/2 the hour for which the meeting was called, it was half full. At this time a Ward procession entered the hall, and the Tammany faction, the first burst of enthusiasm was exhibited in a zealous young gentleman, with a face eminently suggestive of a want of soap and towel, crying out, "Three cheers for Jim Irving!" and the call was responded to with a vehemence that made the hall resound. Three more for the same gentleman were called, and the call honored.

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